

14

THE MODERN
FANATICK.

A PART II.

CONTAINING
What is Necessary to Clear all the
Matters of Fact in the *First Part*;
AND TO
Confute what has been Printed
IN THE
PRETENDED Vindication of
Dr. Sacheverell, relating to my self.
Being the First Book that ever was Answer'd
before it was made.
With a *Postscript* on that Account.

— *Non defensoribus istis
Tempus eget.* Virg.

Parturiunt montes nascetur Ridiculus Mus. Hor.

By WILLIAM BISSET, Eldest Brother
of the Collegiate-Church of St. Katherine,
and Rector of Whiston in Northamptonshire.

L O N D O N :

Printed; And Sold by A. Baldwin, near the Oxford-Arms in
Warwick-Lane; And T. Harrison, at the West-Corner of
the Royal Exchange in Cornhill. 1710. Price 4 d.

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Sach. 234/1

THE MODERN
FANATICK

PART II

CONTAINING

What is necessary to clear all the
Matters of Fact in the last Part

AND TO

Complete what has been said

IN THE

PRELIMINARY / INDICATION OF

Dr. Saccar's real and true

being the last Book that ever was written
before it was made.

With a new and complete Account

of the

History of

the

of the

of the

and



of the

of the

of the

Mr. Henry Clements, Bookseller.

S I R,

FINDING your Name, and no other, to a very scurrilous Libel, which contains several foul Slanders, and (as the Sequel will abundantly make appear) notorious Falshoods in Fact, highly reflecting on me, about which, with a very little enquiry, you might have been better informed; I know not whom else to apply my self to; for 'tis plain, the Libel is Patch-work, from the variety of Stile, especially that piece of Fustian with Mrs. Herst's Name to it, which at first Blush discovers its Author.

I had two Papers sent me by an Officious Person before Christmas, Printed for Abel Roper; one with some wretched Rhimes, foul and abusive to the last Degree; it being that obsolete piece of Wit, call'd an Acrostick, with the Name of a great Peer, who very lately represented Her Majesties Person in a very high Station, in Capital Letters; an Insolence never known or heard of in a News-paper before. I the rather mention this, because the same Lord is insulted at much the same rate in this Book of yours; of which the Clergymans Letter to Dr. Sach---l. p. 32. I pass by this rude and insolent Treatment of a Noble Peer, whose late Honourable Post, might, one would think, have secured him from such impudent and sawcy Reflections. And another with an Advertisement, [That there would be speedily published a FULL Vindication of the Reverend Dr. Sa---verel from the false, scandalous and malicious Aspersions in Mr. Bisset's impudent Pamphlet, called the Modern Fanatick; with the Consent and Approbation of the Dr.] The Libel was sent me, with other Papers into the Countrey, but they never reach'd me: When I came to Town a Fortnight ago, I found to my great surprise, a very different Title; the Full was left out; my Name put thus B---t, which will serve for many Hundreds; and not a word of the Dr's Consent and Approbation; with a strange medley of long Quotations in the Title Page: First, Six Verses of Horace, as the best Authority; and one would think the most Antient, by the Order they are placed in; then

three of Solomon, and one of Isaiah : So that what was never seen before, the Title Page contains much more than any of the 99. Now I am informed this is foul dealing, for the Advertisement should (as mine did) contain neither more nor less than the Title-page. It seems to me like Pirates hanging out false Colours at a distance, and when ready to engage, putting out the true; or rather to speak in the way of Trade, as if a Broker should appoint a Sale of TRUE FRENCH Brandy, full proof, neat, an entire Parcel; and at the Time and Place of Sale it should prove no better than a broken Remnant of Coarse Spirits of the lowest Extraction : For I humbly conceive, [Poor, mad, stupid Fool Coxcomb, Blockhead, and what admirably agrees therewith, Villain, Miscreant, Wretch, Viper, Apostate, Rogue, Knave, Devilish Fellow, Knight of the Post, and that Dog B——t ;] are no better. But I cannot much wonder at such Treatment, when a Reverend Divine recommended in a most extraordinary manner, by the Commons of Great-Britain to her Majesty, can have no better Title than [that profligate Wretch Ben. H——ly.]

But this is not the worst; as the Clergy-man's Letter to the Dr. observes, there is a manifest design, p. 37. to raise the Mob upon me, not only to break my Windows (which Practice, p. 43. is pleaded for, as a just and gentle reproof to Whiggish Families, tho' every Stone might have struck out an Eye, or killed a Child) but even to murder me. p. 44. He deserves to be ston'd into the other World; the Fellow is not fit to live. And I have reason to suspect, that those Pictures taken from Page the Second, at the bottom, and p. 13. have been dispersed about, especially in my Neighbourhood, with that very design according to that of Horace.

Segnius irritant animos demissa per aures :
Quam quæ sunt oculis commissa fidelibus.

I am heartily sorry (says that Author, p. 27.) that thro' the whole, he so plainly discovers himself to be a Clergy-man, (meaning the chief Writer); a Divine no one I am sure will ever take him for. Several, both Church-men and Dissenters have complained in my hearing of the extreme, and even horrible Prophaneness: How sadly do such verify, that

Remark

Remark, For from the Prophets of *Jerusalem*, is profaneness gone forth into all *Jeremiah 23.15.* the Land. Indeed there appears throughout such an Air of Libertinism as would be unpardonable in a Play, and the Lewdest Men of the Town cannot go much further. Besides the Pleas for the Mob and their Outrages; the calling an Assault which cost a Man his Life, an **HONEST** dry drubbing; and no more than he deserved; as if every one had a right to be his own Judge and Avenger; which Doctrine wonderfully suits with Non-Resistance and Passive-Obedience. Downright Swearing; for p. 37. Faith! is a very great and awful Oath, as an eminent Divine has observed, taking in all the Articles of our most Holy Faith, and among the rest the Glorious Trinity; and what is little better [in the Name of God] [for God's Sake] p. 98. which in such a ludicrous Dialogue is certainly a breach of the third Commandment. Downright Cursing p. 76. Hang him a Dog with a mixture of Hemp. He elsewhere strikes at the very Heart of all Morality, p. 91. [I have now done; for this other Letter is trifling and not worth taking notice of] and p. 92. [They can find nothing but such **TRIFLES** as these to charge him with.] And what are these Trifles? Twenty Oaths and Curses fresh and fasting before he was up; contriving to leave his Bail in the lurch; wronging several Persons of their just Debts; and not only that, but calling a poor old Woman all to naught, and putting her in fear of her Life, only for serving God according to her Conscience, when by Law she had right so to do. If these are almost allowed peccadillo's, p. 92. And if this Doctrine be once published from the Pulpit as well as the Press, by Persons in Holy Orders, what can we expect but such a Scene as the Prophet sets before us? Judgment is turned away backward; and Justice standeth afar off: for Truth is fallen in the Streets, and Equity cannot enter. There can be no such thing as Commerce amongst Men; and not only Dissenters (which he highly commends in the Welsh Gentlemen) will be debarr'd from Trade, but Churchmen too: For who will ever trust, if to defraud of acknowledg'd Debts be but a Trifle? I am amaz'd, that you who are a Tradesman, will publish such

such Doctrine with your Name to it; for the Authors were too cunning to set their own. The Convocation is exhort-ed, p. 98. to censure me (as the Mob before to knock my Brains out); but they have more Discretion than to censure what they and all the World know to be Truth. But your Authors have far more Reason to expect their Censure, not only for bantering both Religion and Morality; but also for abusing, in the most scurrilous Terms, a Learned and Venerable Bishop (as the Letter of a Clergyman; p. 32.) which, says he, deserves another Sort of Animadversion than from my Pen. As also for ridiculing very prophanely the HOLY Society for Reformation of Manners; which most of the Bishops, and Judges, and the most Eminent Clergy, have publicly own'd and honour'd, as the strongest Mound under God and the Laws, against the Overflowing of Ungodliness. Nay, the Grand Jury too have abundant Reason to present such a pernicious Book; as fatal to Trade, no less than all Virtue, and favourable to Knavery, as well as Vice and Debauchery. And what must become of this great City, if once such Principles as these obtain? I shall add but the Remark of the forementioned Author, p. 28. Such Levities wou'd be unpardonable in any Preacher of the Gospel, except him who declares he hates a Religious Face; to be sure he means not his own; and we have Reason to believe, his own Looking-glass never presents such a Face to his View.

With the like Prophaneity he makes himself merry with the Sins of his Youth; which should be the Subject of Shame and Sorrow, as they were to the Psalmist. I fancy, if you enquire nicely, and very maliciously, you may find from the day of my Birth till now, that I have not kept my self without Sin. It may be I have robb'd an Orchard, and disobey'd my Master, &c. St. Austin, after his Age, look'd back with another-guise View on the same Transgression; he did not think the Breach of the 8th Commandment a jesting Matter; but gives it a large place in his Confessions, and makes very severe Reflections thereon. This Author seems of the Prophane Pope's Mind, That wonder'd God should be so angry with Mankind for an Apple or two.

I have

P R E F A C E.

I have not enquir'd at all, much less nicely, after his Character and Conversation; so far from that, I know not where his Lodging or Lecture is, (if he have one); but I have met with Accounts, or rather they have come home to me, of a much fresher Date, and much deeper Dye: But I would expose no Clergyman, except the Doctor, whom I deny to be such, as having professedly ridicul'd the Name Protestant, and espous'd the French and Popish Interest: And therefore I shall only stile this Author, what he seems proud of being thought, a very wild licentious Youth.

There is one Point more, that I and most others are at a loss about, viz. when he is in Jest, and when in Earnest; what he would have pass for Romance, and what for Reality; or whether he would have the whole Vindication understood as the Letter to me. There is not the least Appearance of Veracity in that, but an Affectation of impudent Lying; as if a Clergyman was not ty'd to Truth in the least, if he can but make the Societies for Reformation ridiculous. He says, I know a great Man I am related to, has left me in his Will Two of Oliver's Shillings, and a great Silver Calve's Head, &c. Now all this is a mere Fiction without Question, tho' usher'd in with this solemn Asseveration I KNOW. So a little before he affirms, that his Printer has a New Edition of the English Rogue in the Press, which is the Reason he has not printed the Black List of my Rogueries, which would spoil the Sale, being so very like. This agrees well with my other Characters of Madman, Fool, Coxcomb, Blockhead, Stupid, Ignorant Wretch; if this were true, it would have been publish'd, or advertis'd by this time. Yet he seems, or would be thought, serious, when he tells me, that Dr. Sacheverell is very much my Friend; for when he shew'd to him the amazing Accounts of my scandalous Life, which flow'd every Day into the Printer's Shop from Iver, from Whiston, from St. Katharines, and your other Abodes, he would not suffer me to print them.] You know I ask'd you, if you had receiv'd any Letters from Whiston, and you own'd you had seen none; and how should they find their way to the Printer's Shop, (which is usually a Garret) but thro' your Hands: However, that I might be sure, I sent to Whiston, and receiv'd this Certificate.

Whiston,

P R E F A C E.

Whiston, Feb. 14. 1710.

THese are to satisfy the World as to what H. Clements has published, that he has Letters from Whiston concerning the Reverend Mr. Bisset: All We of the said Town that can write, do utterly deny ever sending any such Letters; and thereto We have set our Hands.

Thomas Coles, senior.	David Gillitt.	Robert Johnson, jun.
Robert Law.	George Dawkes.	William Colles.
Mary Law.	Robert Dawkes.	Mary Morris.
John Briarly.	Joyce Dawkes.	Thomas Colles, jun.
Thomas Morris, sen.	Sarah Thomson.	Sarah Colles.
Thomas Morris, jun.	Robert Johnson, sen.	Elizabeth Miles.
Beatrice Morris.	Thomas Briarly.	

And if Iver had not been too large a Parish (being 30 Miles about) and too full of Inhabitants, I doubt not to have procur'd the like thence; for after between 6 and 7 Years, I left not one Enemy that I know of, or could suspect, at my coming away. However, since the English Rogue is not yet ready for Publication, you have my free Consent, setting your own and the Author's Names (as I have done mine) to Print 'em as soon as you please. I would farther desire to know of you, Whether such Insinuations are not Knavish (p. 77.) about my Courting my Maid [he barbarously left her after a Courtship of many years, and Promises to ———] Was there ever such a Break us'd by an honest Man? Is it not expected that the Reader should add [to marry her?] Is not this raising a Slander so as to be out of the reach of an Action? Which, however the other of my being Expell'd the University, and my Horses being seiz'd for non-payment, are sufficient grounds for. Is not that too such another Knavish Hint, p. 62. the Horses were seiz'd by the Man that sold them; the Carpenter has his Stable again. Who would not understand this as it was design'd to be taken, for his Money? Whereas he and all the other Workmen were paid, as I can make appear by their Bills and Receipts above three Years before. The last thing I would put to you, which it greatly concerns your Credit to be clear of, is, whether you did not print and publish my pretended Recantation, dated from S. Kath. Jan. 17. 1710. II. whereas I was then, and near a Fortnight after, in Northamptonshire; 'twas drawn up by the same Hands with the Dr.'s Vindication, as I am assur'd by their intimate Acquaintance; and my Publishers Names put in the Title Page, the better to deceive the World. And it did so in great Measure; for several have been since with me, to know if it were mine: And I receiv'd this Night a Letter out of the Country to be satisfy'd of the Truth; for the Writer assures me the Parson of their Parish has told him, I have retracted all, and humbly begg'd the Dr.'s Pardon; and soon after came one to me with a Message from Harwich to the same Effect.

Now this is a downright Forgery, like the Latin Sentence in the Gunpowder Sermon when preach'd at Oxford; and if the Authors go on in this Practice, the Review may in time be even with them, and triumph in his Turn, as the Writer or Writers most barbarously do over him, p. 2. Farewel.

St. Katherine's, Feb. 21.

cial, for from entering into the Minds of the Caste, that has a great advantage over me, as really a Christian, of my Book, rather than of the Doctor; that they know not well, what to think before, but how they see plain.

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and nothing at all discover'd. Indeed who could expect any thing of a serious Defence from one who let one in a long, and a whole Dissertation, is manifestly to be a Part of Argument to convince. And who can tell what to believe, when

there is such a Mixture of Fables, and palpable Fal-

IN a small Treatise that I publisht a little above a Year ago, I declar'd that I did not think my self bound to take any Notice of, or bestow the Pains of an Answer upon *Anonymous Libels*; And therefore if any one shall think fit to write against me, let him fairly set his Name in the Front, as I have always done, and then (By the Help of God) he shall have a Reply. For he that writes what he dares not own, seems to be either Knave or Fool, or both. (I always except modest Men, who conceal their own Names that God may have all the Glory.) But for such as enter the Lists in a *Polemical* Way, 'tis fit we should see whom we have to deal with, and not fight in the Dark, which must needs make mad Work. * If they'll kick fair, and not basely come behind to trip up my Heels, I care not if I have a Game or two at Foot-ball with them; but if they skulk behind the Scenes, and play least in Sight, while I am on the Stage as a Mark for their Malice, I declare once more, I am for no Combats *incognito*. By Vertue of this Declaration, I might fairly enough have been excus'd from this Trouble, since nothing has yet come out against me with a Name to it; and the pretended *Vindication* now before me, is so very slight, and superfi-

* Cedimus inque vicem probemus crura sagittis;
Vivitur hoc pacto; sic novimus. *Perf.*

cial, so far from entring into the Merits of the Cause, that (as several have told me) 'tis really a Vindication of my Book, rather than of the Doctor; that they knew not well what to think before, but now they see plainly, I had good Grounds for what I advanc'd; for there is scarce a sixth Part of what I produce disputed; and nothing at all disprov'd. Indeed who could expect any Thing of a serious Defence from one who set out in such a jocular Manner? Whose whole Design is manifestly to banter, and not by Dint of Argument to confute. And who can tell what to believe, when there is such a Mixture of Fable, and palpable Falshoods all the Way? May not Mrs. Hearst's and Sir John's Letters (for ought appears to the contrary) be of the same Strain and Stamp with my Recantation, and their Silver Calves Heads, or Frier Bacon's Brazen Head; either of which have as much Truth and Wisdom to shew as the Authors. But that he never intended to vindicate the Doctor, that is to wash an *Aethiop*, tho' he declares (p. 98) *I cannot proceed to the other Part of his Book, having at this Time undertaken to stand in Defence of Dr. Sacheverel's Cause only*, is very plain; since of 99 Pages, he spends 58, and is gone no further than the first of twelve Articles; and yet can find Room for a most impertinent Excursion (for such all the World confesses it to be) about a *Lady's Shifts on a Laurel Hedge* (tis a sign what his Thoughts run upon,) and melting down the Lead of a certain Turret into Standishes and Bullets.

Dico aliquid de tribus capellis.

The very Scheme of the Performance (if nothing else) betrays the Design of Trifling and Amusing, and not coming home and close to the Matter: For whoever went about the Defence of one who was charg'd with high and heinous Crimes, and that in plain Terms, and above-board, by the loose rambling Way of Dialogue, which is fitter for a Droll than a Defence: And he

he ~~ever~~ manage it the most awkwardly that ever was seen; he makes his *Whig* say the silliest things, and most inconsistent with his Character that can be imagin'd; he makes him a Convert several Times, and then a *Whig* again; makes him knock under to his potent Arguments, renounce his Cause, Page 37. resolve to break my Windows, and Page 75. he is still but in the Agonies of Conversion. 'Tis from first to last a true *onouaxia*, a Fighting with his own Shadow; he raises Mud-Walls and Banks of Sand, and then gloriously triumphs in demolishing them; and makes the poor *Whig* (for he may do what he will with him) applaud his Wit, and trumpet out his Praises; as, Page 65. After an Account of their *Tavern-Convocation*, and the *Censures* past there on the *Moderate Men*: Says the *Whig*, very consistently with his own Principles; *I think you give a fair and handsome Account of this Matter; and I am pleased to hear that the Clergy are so well employed when they meet together.* Did ever a conceited vain-glorious Novice compliment himself at this fulsom Rate? But is this according to *Horace's Rule*?

Scribere personæ modo convenientia cuique?

However, since that abominable Forgery of my pretended *Recantation*, and the Menaces of such *Recriminations* as shall make my Eyes sore, and my Ears tingle, render an Answer necessary (tho' many have dissuaded me from it, as altogether needless) I shall only make some short Remarks,) the two Letters to the Doctor from *Oxford*, and from the *Clergyman*, having brought this Task within a narrow Compass); shew the Weakness of his Replies to my Charge, and the Falshood of what, without the least Offer or Proof, or so much as the first Letter of his Author's Names, he has cast upon me; tho' I have fresh Matter, and that well attested, enough to take up many Pages, when his Letters from *Iver*, *Whiston*, &c. shall have

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led the Way, and given me a just Handle upon pri-
sals upon him and his Abettors.

The first thing I shall take Notice of is, Page 2.
his construing that hard Latin Sentence Clause by
Clause, like a School-boy: *Non quod amem*, not be-
cause I love thee; *sed quod odio habeam*, because I hate
thee; and yet he calls him Neighbour! Here's an
excellent Comment for a Minister to make upon
that Royal Law, thou shalt love thy Neighbour as thy
self; and that of St. John, He that hateth his Brother
is a Murtherer. No wonder, his Mind being in a po-
sture so suited to the Enterprize, as he says a few
Lines further, (I have heard of Bodily Postures oft-
en, but never of Mental, i. e. Invisible Postures be-
fore; and I fancy 'twould puzzle even Posture-Master
Clark to express 'em) he makes that vertuous Resolu-
tion, I'll let it loose, and take my Fill of roaring at
your abominable Clan. The Doctor, whose Cause he
pleads, thought himself call'd to blow the Trumpet
in Zion, but I know no Warrant a Minister of the
Gospel has for Roaring, the small still Voice better be-
comes them; but I suppose this is brought as a
Proof. that he is, what he boasts in his Letter to
me, a great Tory, for such may truly say, *Isa. 59.*
11. *We roar all like Bears*, and to make the Simile
compleat, are as rude too, and far more ravenous.

Page 3. Speaking of that Miscreant B——t, I
know the Abilities of the Man to be so despicably weak—
This is scarce Sense, for weak Abilities is like full of
Emptiness, and he that is most despicably weak has
certainly in the same Respect no Abilities at all; but
how can he say, I know 'em to be so? I never saw
the pert Youth that owns and glories in this doughty
Performance, that I know of, and am sure never
chang'd a Word with him; and be my few Wri-
tings that are made publick never so weak, (as every
ones Talent does not lie that Way) it does not
follow but I may have some small Abilities, tho' not
weak, in something else, for any thing a meer Stran-
ger

ger can KNOW to the contrary. A few Lines farther he calls the *Impeachment* drawn up by the *Honourable House of Commons*, declar'd to be made good by a considerable Majority of the *House of Lords*, and by a Majority of the *Bishops*; and had all been present, 'tis well known the Majority had been yet greater; and approv'd by the *Queen*, who declar'd it, *A necessary Occasion of taking up their Time*, one of the *First-rate Party-Stupidities of the Faction*. I will not call this *bold Stroke* as he does my mention of *Resisting the Mob*, *High-Treason*; but it seems to me to border upon it, and I remember the Time when it would have cost a Man his Liberty and Estate, if not his Life.

Page 4. He says the *Whigs* have neither Honour, Conscience, nor Loyalty; that *Forgery*, *Slander*, and *bare-fac'd Lying*, are the chief *Weapons of their Warfare*: Have we so long heard you acknowledge the Advantage of throwing Dirt, that some will stick if plentifully bestow'd? This is like profest *Knaves* and *Hypocrites*: Was ever Man so senseless as to acknowledge this, and in their Enemies Hearing too, who are to be bespatter'd? But All such *Weapons*, he says, serve only to give us *Mirth*, they administer to our *Pleasure* and not to our *Pain*. Here's Language for one in *Holy Orders*! Is not this that worst of Sins call'd *Exultation*, or *Rejoicing in Iniquity*? *Forgery*, *Lying*, and *Slander* give them *Mirth*, and administer to their *Pleasure*. Is this like the *Royal Prophet*? *Rivers of Tears run down my Eyes, because Men keep not thy Law*. Or rather, like *Salomon's Fool*, that makes a *Mock at Sin*: And 'tis to be fear'd, while he does so, says in his Heart there is no God. *Charity rejoiceth not in Iniquity, but rejoiceth in the Truth*.

Page 5. He says, I have been with Dr. S——l, and he has furnisht me with such *Materials* as I think will convince the most implicate *Whig* that every Story in that Book is a *malicious Slander*; and that there is not the least Grounds for any of them. Here's a thorough-

rough-pa'd Voucher! The Doctor has taken care to choose a *Nail that will drive*. Who after all this will venture to believe one Syllable he says? He sticks at nothing, no not the grossest Self-contradiction, to serve his Master, and is just *such a Tool* for the Doctor, as he for the Jacobites; but Liars have need of good Memories: For when he comes to the very first Story of all about the Uncle, he says, Page 24. *Truly Old Rump, this Story has some Foundation; for indeed the Doctor's Presbyterian Uncle did come to see him after his Trial, &c.* Reconcile these if you can; Every Story in that Book is a malicious Slander, and there is not the least Grounds for any of them, and yet Truly the first has some Foundation, but without the least Grounds: It has not only some Grounds, but as the Uncle himself has inform'd the World, 'twas far worse in all Respects than I have represented it. Again, Page 63. about what pass'd at the Mitre-Tavern-Club. "*I my self (says our Historiographer) was in Company at that Time; the Doctor did mention his Competitors—— with some of the little Sarcasms of Conversation which give a Relish to it. Very pretty; Back-biting and Sarcasms, i. e. Ironia amara, bitter Jeers, (as any System of Rhetorick will inform him) on absent and deceased Persons, are the Pickles and Anchovies to give a Relish to their Tavern-Divinity-Lectures; for sometimes (it seems) they preach over their Bottle, and mix a little bitter with their Wine; and the Nods and Titulations of Tillotson and Stillingfleet (I may well be content with plain B——t, when those who are so much my Betters are treated at the same slovenly Rate) were pitch'd on for the present Diversion; and what were these Titulations, they stumble not like them with Wine, but Heterodox Notions, no less than Socinianism, and the Denial of eternal Torments in Hell. Yet after all there is not the least Grounds for this Story; tho' it comes from another that was at the Conference, whose Account may be more safely de-*

depended on than the *Vindicator's*. Again, there is not the *least Grounds* for the Story of his coming to be ordain'd, and his Behaviour to the Bishop of *L——d* and *Cov——y*; and yet he owns near all, that he defended the *Latin* against the Bishop, and was sent back without Orders, *i. e.* was refused; and denies nothing but a farther Examination. This brings to my Mind a Passage of Dr. *South's*, in his Book against Dr. *Sh——ck*, after he had knock'd all the Schoolmen o'th' Head, and left 'em for dead; *He is graciously pleas'd to stretch forth his Golden Sceptre of Self-contradiction, and restore them to Life again.* I hope the Reader is now convinc'd, that every one of them are not ENTIRELY the Children of that fertile Womb of Forgery and Lyes.

Page 6. Speaking of me: *His Conversation is impudent, Reviling, and unhandfomly Reproving: He shoots out his Arrows, even bitter Words— In his Morals he is Lewd, Sensual, Devilish, even to assaulting Women at Noon-Day, and in his Gown: Now let any Person of common Sense judge if these Characters can be made to agree: For if I were that open, undisguis'd, scandalous Sinner he makes me, durst I be so sharp upon others? Must I not expect, upon every Reproof, to be told my own, and have my Mouth stopp'd with my own flagitious Practices? I have indeed reprov'd many Persons for Swearing, Cursing, and other gross Immoralities, but never in my Life, that I can remember, met with any such Reply; or so much as, Physician, heal thy self. But if I assault Women at Noon-Day, why don't they, or their Relations, bring their Action of Assault? I am sufficiently known, and have Enemies more than enough, to take such an Advantage against me. But if by assaulting (which is very improper) he means Picking up; I once more declare, before God and the World, that I never committed Fornication, much less Adultery; never offer'd to pick up any Woman in my Life, nor entertain'd a Thought, or Purpose*

Purpose of so doing : If I had, so many spiteful Adversaries, as I have, would have soon found her out, and brought her to confront me : And indeed I cannot but admire, and adore the gracious Providence of God, in restraining Human, and Diabolical Malice ; when so many good Men have been not only aspers'd, but sworn against, to the Loss or Danger of their Lives, that no one has been suborn'd to charge me with taking a Purse on the Road ; or to lay a Bastard to me ; or to affirm that he cur'd me of a Clap ; or found me Drunk in a Saw-pit, all over Mire ; or in a Kennel, and carried me home ; but have been so far left to follow their own Inventions, as to charge me with nothing, but what I can, by *Authentick Testimonies*, disprove. 'Tis well known in this Neighbourhood, where I am not much befriended, (and who can expect I should, considering whom I live near) that my Wife and Children are in *Northamptonshire*, which I call my Home : And that I have had for these 2 Years, a Widow Gentlewoman, younger than my self (with a Maiden Daughter about 16) Sister to one of the greatest Persons in the Kingdom, living with me in the House ; a Person of a very good Family and Estate, and of the clearest Character ; who was long, and well acquainted in these Parts, before she came to my House ; and could not have mist of my Character, were I guilty of such barefac'd Immoralities, *For he that hideth such, hideth the Wind, or the Oyntment of his Right Hand, which bewrayeth it self !* And is it likely, she would venture her Person, Daughter, and Reputation, with so lewd a Miscreant, there being no other Woman, besides Servants, in the House, (especially if I were a Madman) and so live in Danger of daily Assaults.

Page 7. He charges me with no less than *High Treason*, because I declare, that if the Mob had attack'd my House while I was in it, (I don't mean on-
ly

ly by breaking my Windows, but as they did the Meeting-Houses, to plunder, pull down and burn, and as they had resolv'd, if they could have found Mr. *Burgess*, to throw him into the Fire;) I think it my Duty, against a *Frenchify'd Rabble*, to have defended my House as long, and sold my Life as dear as I could; and I am still of the same Judgment, and all his Reasons can never convince a Thinking-Man of the contrary. But why is it *High Treason* to resist those whom the *Queen* declar'd *Rebels*? He tells us, Page 10. *He that preaches [the Doctrine of Resistance] and he that practices it, is a Rebel to God and the King.* A Rebel to God and the King; there's special Grammar, like his Tutor's *Perils of False Brethren*: I always thought it had been *against*: Does any one say, to rebel to the King? Tho' some may pretend to rebel for him. But what King is this? We have, God be praised, a *Queen* on the Throne; and the next Expectant is a *Princess*. I'm afraid he means the Person whom no Man dares name; and thinks him a *False Brother* that won't pledge the same.

Page 8. He tells the Reader, He (i. e. B---t) swears he would have made strange *Havock*; and yet there is nothing like an Oath; nor will any Mortal, I am certain, lay any such Thing to my Charge.

As to that foolish Slander, that the *Dissenters* pull'd down their own Meeting-Houses; I reply with the Clergyman, P. 31. *What cannot a Man believe who believes that? He may sure be brought to swallow the Belief of Transubstantiation in Time.* Good Mrs. *Hearst* says, P. 31. *You was never guilty of a childish Action.* I cannot say so of your *Vindicator*; for no one but a Child would offer to argue as he does. And as to his base and barbarous Reflections on the Reverend Mr. *Hoadly*, I leave this Beginner to his Masterly Pen, if he shall think him worthy of his Chastisement. But that's a most villainous Attempt to direct the Mob to St. Peter's Poor, and tell them, Page 12. *Vengeance should begin there first.* If this be not to play the *Incendiary*, I know

not what is. Especially when he adds, Page 11. *That the Rebels were hurried on by their Zeal for a good Cause; and 'tis plain, he endeavours to kindle the same consuming Zeal again.*

Page 13. Is taken up in reviling me: 1st. For boasting of the Greatness of my Family: Whereas I said no more, but that my Father was always a Royalist, and fought for King Charles the First, from the Beginning of the War to Worcester Fight, where he was taken Prisoner, being then a Cornet, which is no great Post; and was ever after forc'd, both abroad and at home, to earn his Bread; but, God be prais'd, never to beg it: Nor was he beholding to any, but God and his own Industry; tho' he might have expected, his long Services should be consider'd at the Restoration.

The next Crime he charges me with, is accusing a Brother Clergyman; and Page 23, he falls foul on those who sit and speak against their Brethren, and slander their own Mothers Sons: To which the Letter of the Clergyman replies, Page 31. He who can outdo you two that *Wags* is a great Proficient in that noble Science: And let me tell him, that he has wounded, as far as in him lay, the Reputation of some worthy Men, for which he must expect to be call'd to a severe Account, unless he repents, and makes them all the Publick, and Honourable Amends he can. But I did it, he says, without the least proper and necessary Testimony. Do not I refer to his Uncle for my first Charge? To Mr. Eberal, for that Passage, of seeing King William dewitted; To Dr. Boyse, and Mr. Parker, for his drinking the Pretender's Health many Times, by the Name of King James the Third? Tho Mr. Ryley, naming his Trade, and Place of Abode in Oxford, for his Prophaneness and Injustice; (and since the Head of an House has sent for Mr. Ryley, and examin'd him, and he stood to the Truth of it) to Mr. Anthony Clark; and to his poor Washer-woman, who is still alive there? And had I put in the Names of my other Authors at large, might not I justly expect

pest foul Practices might be us'd by the Party, to take them off? And when it came to a Tryal (as I expected; and he has his sure Remedy at Law, both Common and Civil) I shall perhaps have my Evidence to seek; for one of the Chief has been tamper'd with, and desir'd to unsay what he had said; but the *Volpone* that was with him, met with this mortifying Answer, That he would (if call'd to it) declare, not only that, but much more.

As to the next Charge, that I *betray, revile, and ridicule a Church that gives me my Bread*; I never eat any but what God gave me, to whom I pray, and not to the Church, *Give me this Day my daily Bread*. What I have is owing (under God) to my own honest Labour, in instructing Youth. But who most ridicules the Church and all that is Sacred, I, or the Doctor and his Vindicator, I leave to God, and every serious Christian to judge. There is yet no Answer to that Part of my Book, and I am sure no one can shew in that, or any else of my Writings, a Word against any real Part of our Constitution, but only their *Traditional Customs*, and palpable Disorders; and I think 'tis the greatest Faithfulness to the Church to point out what is amiss; since a Convocation may soon amend it. As to my Profession, that *for the last 21 Years I have done no one the least real Wrong*; I said, *that I know of*; yet I always pray with David, *Lord cleanse me from my secret Sins*; there may be some I never perceiv'd, or have forgot: But I hear of none yet that is charg'd upon me; 'tho' there are Eyes enough upon me, *nicely and maliciously* (as this Author words it) to pry into my Behaviour. And as to the Doctor, I see nothing but one or two Circumstances that do not enter the Merits of the Cause, in which I am wrong. Yet, P. 14. he lays me under *consummate*, i. e. finish'd *Reprobation*; (a Doctrine which he scarce believes) and after all, *prays God* (how heartily let any one judge) *to forgive me*; and puts this prophane Remark into his Whig's Mouth, *You are plaguy pious*. (here's Lan-
B 2 guage

gnage for a Minister) on a sudden, make a Man a Devil, and then pray for him.

Passing over that fulsome *Harangue* of the *Tories* good Temper, P. 16. *We bore you, we endur'd you, we suffer'd you*; as if one would not have serv'd, to leave more Room for the *Doctor's Vindication*, and yet, P. 17. *It was a Noble Entertainment to see the soporiferous Draughts of Moderation spued up*, (the *English Reader* will be much the wiser for such cramp Words.) He starts next a Case of Conscience, which was scarce ever met with before, *Whether a good Christian may with Safety to his Conscience kill a Thief that either assaults him in his House or upon the Road?* I never heard of their Title to *Non-Resistance* before; and I believe the Gangs would raise him large Contributions, if he would serve them so far as to convince the World of this Doctrine. His Conscience is wondrous tender of hurting *Tories* and *Banditti*, when Mr. *Tutchin's* was an honest *Drubbing*; and I ought to be ston'd, (which cannot be legally, our Law knowing no such Punishment, and therefore by lawless Violence) into the other World. I may truly say, *His Voice is the Voice of Jacob, but the Hands are the Hands of Esau*. Now I am of another Mind, that if all honest Men would stoutly defend their own against such *Sons of Violence*, they would have little Stomach to that Trade, but betake themselves to honest Labour; and perhaps the killing 2 or 3 upon the Spot might save as many Hundreds from the Gallows: But if all were of his pretended Judgment, how would any Robbers be taken and brought to condign Punishment? For when beset they are generally desperate, and are seldom seiz'd without Loss of Blood, or Hazard of Life.

As to his Friend Dr. *W—n's* wife Saying, P. 22. before the *Lieutenancy*, the Commons of Great Britain have impeach'd the guiltless, and manag'd against Heaven; his Sentiments about the Revolution, and *Hanover Succession*, were sufficiently discover'd on the last Thirtieth of January, and Time may come when he shall

shall be oblig'd to explain himself. P. 23. He calls me *Apostate*, as if I had ever been *High Church*, or had any other Opinion than now of their *Traditional Customs*.

The Story of the *Uncle* is confess'd; therefore I shall only observe in the Close of it, P. 26. his wise Calculation of the Dissenters: *They are a poor despicable handful of aspiring Schismatics; so inconsiderable in respect to the Number of Churchmen, that I think they can never be superiour to us, till our Sins have provok'd, and their Goodness induc'd God to suffer one to chase a Thousand.* If they were, as he computes, our Country-men ought not to be so despicable in our Eyes, for he that despiseth his Neighbour sinneth, and why dost thou set at naught thy Brother? But he must certainly be out in his Reckoning of one to a 1000. I believe the *English Dissenters*, and *Presbyterians* of North Britain, if once we come to tell Noses, will very near match (for ought I know exceed) the Number of *Churchmen*; and if from a Prohibition of all Commerce (which is so highly commended) and the gentle Re-proof of throwing Stones into their Houses, a further Rupture should ensue, the *Pretender* might make his triumphant Entry, and the Church of Rome would soon make both know to their Cost, that she vastly exceeds for Numbers, and can out-poll us all; and then some Men would have their Ends.

He confesses, P. 27. *Where there is an Absence of these Vertues (natural Affection to his Kindred, and Gratitude to his Benefactors) the Man is a Monster, and should be treated as such:* Yet he had own'd his Churlishness to his *Uncle*, who is not pretended to have given him any Cause of Offence; and his scurrilous Treatment of the Bishop of *Sarum*, who help'd his Mother into a College, which is something better than an *Hospital*; so by his own Principles the Man is a Monster, &c.

As to that *Excellent Lady*, P. 28. a lofty Title for a Country-Apothecary's Widow, and the extraordinary Letter, not to be match'd in the whole Academy of

of Complements, which that Lady SIGN'D, if all Parts of it are equally true, 'twill gain very little Belief in the World: For if she never knew him guilty of any *immoral*, nay of any *childish Action*, it will follow that either she knew very little of him, and so is not a competent Witness, or that he was *sanctify'd like St. John the Baptist from the Womb*, and yet even he, I believe, might have done some *childish Action* in his Time: *St. Paul* confesses that *when he was a Child he spake as a Child, thought as a Child*, but *St. Cheverel*, (as some stile him) in his very Childhood was above all these. I wish he could say with him in the next Words, *When I became a Man I put away childish things.*

Heu! quam dissimiles hic vir, & ille puer. Ovid.

But admitting this Part of the Attestation, and her Account of the Family, which the Uncle has at large confuted in Print, not to weaken the other, as it must with any thinking Person; several have obser'd as well as I, 'tis nothing to the Purpose. My Words were, *He is reported to have turn'd a bitter Enemy to the Family that maintain'd him a poor Orphan at School, and sent him to the University.* I did not say to *all the Family* there might be some (and here is an Account of one) that he carried it fair to: Her Words are, P. 29. [*So far as relates to MY SELF*] she should have said, and my deceas'd Husband, and the rest of my Relations, if she would have clear'd him. As to the Reflections on the *Doctor's Grandfather*, which, if true, border on the Sin of *Cham*; I refer the Reader to his Uncle's printed Account, who assur'd me he is nothing a-kin to the late *High Sheriff of Derby*, and then how can the Doctor be? So that the whole Letter seems all of a Piece, and not at all to the Purpose. Yet the *Vindicator* sums up the whole Evidence with this *Decisive*, P. 33. *That this B---t is a Knight of the Post.* (should I let the World know what he is, a Pulpit would not be thought the fittest Place for him.) Did I make
any

any Oath? Or say any more than, *He is reported*, and I am sure I had it from good Authority. If I am a *Knight of the Post* for a false Report, which I really thought, and still think to be true, what is he for forging a Paper, as under my Hand, with Date of Time and Place, and publishing it as such?

We come now to the Matter of the *Bishop of Sarum*, and the Service he did the Doctor's Mother; where he wilfully misconstrues my Meaning, as if I reproach'd him with his Mother's Poverty; whereas I expressly say, P. 15. *I would not be so understood, as if Poverty were a just Reproach.* But withal, I would have the Son of a *Pauper* demean himself as such, and not as if he were Son to the first *Duke* in the Kingdom. The insolent Reproaches on that *very learned Prelate*, P. 34. *That he has almost routed the Doctrines of the Church of England, and brought them into Contempt and Disuse*; and the very silly Banter about the *Pig, Scotch-Cloth, and Brawn*, much like the *Shifts on the Lawrel Hedge*, deserve a severe Censure from the *Convocation*, or his *Diocesan*; for he has taken the surest Way to explode *Episcopacy*, and bring the *Persons and Authority of Bishops* into utmost Contempt: And never was that Prophecy more evidently fulfill'd, *Isa. 3. 5. The Child shall behave himself proudly against the Ancient, and the Base against the Honourable.*

But see the Absurdity of this Young Writer, he makes the *Whig*, P. 37. applaud him, and that with an Oath; *Why, Faith, I don't know what to say to you; I believe thou'lt make me turn Tory. I shall run, in my Zeal, and break B---t's Windows.* That's a wise Stroke: To break *Windows* is (he confesses) the true Zeal of a *Tory*. But P. 38. About the *Welch Confederates*, he plays the Fool yet more egregiously, and makes his *Whig* (still owning himself such) confess, *that if a Story be black enough, we desire no more.* Can it be imagin'd, that he would thus betray the Secrets of his Party. As to his Political Discourse, p. 39. and 40. about excluding the *Dissenters* from all Commerce, by Ver-

ture of that Maxim, *Keep them poor and they'll be quiet*; which he calls a *Revolution Principle*, like the *Doctor's Revolution Party*; and we know how well they are affected to it; I leave that to the *Parliament*, and *Commissioners of Trade*.

This Youth would have made a fit Tool for some Reigns, when Men were condemn'd for *Innuendo's*. p. 41. He quotes me thus, *High Church-Tyranny [that is the present Administration] is worse than Nero's and Dioclesian's*; If he had been on Col. Sydney's Jury, he would not have gone from the Bar, but upon the first Sight of Nero, in his Closet-Papers, have pronounc'd him guilty; yet he has the Impudence in the next Line to insult the *last Parliament*; and p. 42. the late Lord *High Ch-----*; which is *speaking Evil of Dignities* in the basest Way.

P. 43. We have his *Vindication* of the Mob, as well as the Doctor, *That the Stones which the Mob threw only did the Errand they were sent upon, just reprov'd the Family, for not illuminating their Windows, they hardly went into the Room: Then they stuck in the Holes which they made; for if not, they must either fall in the Room, or fall back into the Street, and either Way endanger the Life of some.* But was ever such Nonsense as what he has put into the Mouth of his *Whig*? If you can prove this, (about the Woman in *Fleetstreet*;) then we are Sons of Belial, Rogues, and whatever you'll please to call us. He makes him put the whole Reputation of his Friends on this Issue, whether a Story (which he owns to have been common Town-Talk) were true, or false; for the same Stones, instead of one, might have kill'd some Hundreds: And then he adds a most prophane Jest; that *she had a Funeral Sermon in many Meetings; is look'd upon as a Martyr; and is call'd Stephen's Sister.* But behold yet a far worse Absurdity. He makes his Whig say, *I think the Villian (meaning me) deserves the Death he speaks of, to be ston'd into the other World; for it is not fit the Fellow should live.* That it would be **MERITORIOUS**

RIOUS in *ANY* of them to chastise him. If a *Whig* must be such a false Knave as this, God bless the High-Church, say I. And yet (prodigious Ignorance and Sotishness!) he makes him a stanch Whig again but two Leaves farther; and after he had call'd me, in one short Paragraph, *Villain, Fellow, false Knave, and made it meritorious to knock my Brains out.* He says, P. 50. *Indeed Neighbour you banter too much, Mr. B---t is in the right.* And himself had said before, *she had a Funeral Sermon in many Meetings, as a Martyr, because she was ston'd to Death; and yet I am a Villain, not fit to live, for reporting it.* If I should be murder'd (as there is no Stone left unturn'd to procure it) my Death will, in a great Measure, lie at young Mr. L---b's Door.

While I am writing this, the Husband of the Party deceas'd came to my House, I having some Days before desir'd to speak with him; and declares, that he and his Wife went to bed as well in Health, except a Cough, as ever in their Lives; that after they had been some Time in Bed, there came in abundance of Stones at the Window, some reach'd to the Bed; his Wife was immediately taken with a Fright and Shivering, and continu'd so about 12 Days, when she died; and both the Doctor and Apothecary gave their Judgment, that the Fright was the Cause of her Death. The next Morning, as many Stones as fill'd 2 pretty large Boxes, were found in the Rooms and Balcony. Now if the Mob, in Obedience to the Doctor and his Vindicator, had dispatch'd me for this Story, I should have had *Naboth's Fate.* As to the Circumstance of her being with Child, (which is not material) I own I was misinform'd: And I had declared before, that in such a Variety of Matter, after the utmost Caution, I might be misinform'd, and that I would readily confess my Mistake.

Page 45. We have a Parallel drawn between King Charles the First, and Mr. *Tutchin*, who (he says) had an honest dry Drubbing, just as much as he deserv'd, and no more; but that's more barbarous yet, to mur-

ther his Memory, as if he dy'd of the Pox ; when I have been assur'd from good Hands 'tis wholly a Slander. Why does not the Chyrurgion who dissected him, attest it, (as this Author says) he will ? *Tutchin*, he says, *was sent out of the World with his Head broke ; but the King was sent into the other World without his Head.* This comes very near the *Irishman's Bull*, that *St. Patrick swam to Holyhead with his Head in his Teeth* : Was not *King Charles's Head* buried in the same Coffin with his Body ? And how then was he sent without it, any more than the old Woman of 70 Years (tho' not much above 50) *who died as fairly of a Dropsy as any one in the Bills of Mortality.* We have soon after another Falshood in Fact, that the *Drawer's Nose in Greenwich was slic'd off* : Why then are not the Actors in this Tragedy Prosecuted upon the *Coventry-Act* ?

What horrible Language is that for a Minister ? Next Line, *there is a deal of Difference between you Saints and us* : Is not that a *Scripture Term* ? And ought it then to be ridicul'd ? And if they neither pretend nor affect to be such, how can they *be meet to be Partakers of the Inheritance of the Saints in Light* ? Again, What a villainous Reflection is that on the Queen and her late Ministry ; Page 46. *That if the Whigs had kill'd a Bishop or a Parson, he doubts whether they would have been hang'd for it a little while ago.*

I had said, that even *Dissenting Ministers* have contributed to Church of England Lecturers. This, he tells me, *is a Lye*. Is not *Mr. Milbourn* a real Churchman in his Account ? Yet he, I affirm, has receiv'd such Contributions : And yet this confident Writer will give the Lye to a Fact he knows nothing of. Soon after he says, of Six worthy Conformists, of other-guise Morals than he and his Doctor, that *they receive their 30 Pieces of Silver upon Judas's Terms, to betray their Saviour* : Who is now the Accuser of the Brethren ? I accus'd but one single Man, whom the

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Representative Body of the Nation had publickly condemn'd, and who could not be defended without a sort of *Schism*, by disowning the *Fathers of the Church*, a considerable Majority of whom are against him. He damns them by Half-Dozens for the *Disciples of Judas*. And P. 47. *Fanatick lukewarm Sons of Moderation*; charges 'em with *Hereſie* and *Schism*, and ſays at the Bottom, *I thought I had a fair Opportunity*; and he could not poſſibly deny himſelf the Pleaſure of Speaking againſt, in ſuch opprobrious Terms, his own Mother's Sons.

The two next Pages, 48 and 49 are taken up with a certain Peer, his *Coach-horſes*, *Turret*, and his *Lady's Shifts*, of which being wholly foreign, enough already. Page 50, 51, 52, and 53, are ſpent upon that wretched ſenſeleſs *Sophiſm* about *Advocates in Heaven*; this gives him an Opportunity which I ſuppoſe he is as glad of as the laſt, of railing at his Betters, to ſhew his Skill in *Greek*, and let me know, Page 52, that an *Engliſh* Treatiſe only is level to my Underſtanding; whereas I could (I thank God) read a *Greek* Author before he was born, at leaſt before he could ſpeak. I met very lately with two Doctors and another eminent Divine of the *Eſta-bliſh'd Church*, who all agreed 'twas a *meer Eviſion*, like his *Tutor's Speech*; and the laſt ſaid he was ſurpriz'd to find any Plea offer'd at, not doubting but the Fault would have been laid on the Printer. He tells us *παρεκκλησιον* is in the Margin render'd *Advocate*: Our Church-Bible of a late *Oxford* Edition has no ſuch Word, nor any Bible I have; and therefore he who blames Biſhop *Stillingfleet* for falſe References, ſhould have told us in what Bible it is to be found: But without Recourſe to the learned Languages, every *Engliſh* Reader is a competent Judge whether the Text he quotes, *Rom. 8.* does not confute him; *The Spirit helpeth our Infirmities, and maketh Interceſſion for us with Groanings that cannot be utter'd.* And are there *Infirmities* or *Groanings* in Heaven? Who ever ſuppos'd

suppos'd any other but that this Intercession is in our Hearts, by enabling us *as the Spirit of Grace and Supplications to intercede or plead for our selves*, and can he possibly be call'd another *Advocate in Heaven*, especially when Jesus Christ is so often fill'd by the Church of England our only Mediator and Advocate? So that the Charge of Popery against the Doctor holds good, notwithstanding this poor silly transparent Shuffle; and few will think the *Vindicator* the better Protestant, for calling Dr. Pearson, Page. 52. almost Infallible Prelate.

P. 54. We have two notable Pieces of Profaneness. If you love a Dissenter for his Scripture Stories, you may as well love Dutch Tiles. It had been well for the Doctor if he had met with the Story of *Elisha*, tho' in a Tavern Chimney, since he has not leisure to search the Scriptures, rather than make what an *High-Churchman* declar'd it, such an unpardonable Blunder. But I suppose the Doctor and his Champions too (*Ib. l. 31.*) hate a religious Face tho' in Tiles and Tapestry; it frights 'em, and makes 'em cry (Page 55.) Thieves, Tories, Moderation: Did ever the two last (indeed one is blotted out after 'twas printed) meet together before? P. 54. He calls the Church, as he had done before, *The Strong Man's House*, which Christ undeniably uses to signify (*Mat. 12. 29.* and *Mat. 3. 27.*) the Kingdom of Satan: Here is a special Son of the Church, to make it not only a Den of Thieves, but the Devil's Castle!

At length, P. 58. we are come to the 2d Article, and he begins it with a Charge upon me, P. 59. *This Fellow B---t you must know was expell'd the University before he had been in it three Years*: This he affirms roundly and boldly, without any such Restriction as I us'd about the Family that brought up the Doctor, *He is reported---* and about the Drinking-bout in Oxford-shire, *The Town rings---* as every one knows it did. In answer to this Calumny, I declare, I never had the least Reprimand from any Officer of my College, or the University; nor that I can remember, from my Tutor; and here is my Testimonial from the College in my 5th Year, (where 'tis plain they declare me at that very Time one of the Foundation, as I was two or three Years after) which I will not, like the Doctor, put in *Englisch*, lest it favour of Vain-glory.

Q UAM antiqua sit & laudabilis Academiae nostrae consuetudo, ut qui ad bonarum artium & linguarum scientiam pietatis cultum, morumque probitatem adhibuerint, justo eruditionis & pietatis testimonio honestarentur: NOS Vice-Magister, & Socii Seniores

ores Collegii Sanctæ & Individuæ Trinitatis Cantabrigiæ Gulielmum Biffert in Artibus Baccalaureum, primi anni & unum ex Alumnis ejusdem Collegii nostris hisce literis commendatum multis nominibus omnibus easdem inspecturis, esse cupimus, eo quod apud nos per proximum triennium probe & pie se gesserit, bonis artibus diligenter operam navaverit, & ex ante acta etiam vita spem nobis præbuerit futurum eum Republicæ & Ecclesiæ non inutilem. In cujus rei Testimonium Literis hisce unusquisque nostrum propria manu libens subscripsit. Dat' in Collegio nostro prædicto vicesimo septimo die mensis Maii, Anno Domini 1691. Sub Sigillo nostro quo in similibus utimur.

Ro. Scott, Vice-magister, Deput. Guil. Lynnet.

Jo. Hawkins. Guil. Corker. Tho. Bainbrigg.

Dan. Brattell. Joan. Ekins. Hen. Lane.

Now to shew that himself has made a much longer Stay and greater Improvement in the Place of *Polite Learning*, he adds presently after, *Therefore* (tis a Wonder it was not *Ergo*) *B—t is a Blockhead and a Coxcomb.*

As to the Charge of taking the Degree of Doctor of Divinity, I never heard it computed at less than 100 l. at least, without uncommon Frugality, or even Parsimony: But if the Doctor (as he publishes) has dedicated 100 l. *per Ann.* to his Relations, I still affirm, he ought to maintain his Mother entirely, that some other Minister's Widow that needs it (of whom there are, alas! but too many) may come in her Stead, according to that *Apostolical Injunction*, 1 Tim. 5. 4. and 16.

As to the Charge upon me about my *Leather Convenience* (for the *Searcher of Hearts* knows I kept it no otherwise) being over-perswaded, after much Importunity and many Refusals, to preach at a Chappel above two Miles from me, thrice a Week; and in my Turns here, being to read Prayers and Preach (as I constantly did) thrice a Day, and let any one judge if I was able to walk so far and back again, after such hard Work; and to have hir'd constantly, would have cost me more than than keeping a Coach, for I had two Horses to carry me and my Wife into the Country before; which my Chariot would do more compleatly.

What an Heap of Falshoods has this shameless Writer cram'd into one Page, viz. 62. 1st. He says, with the utmost Assurance (as if it had pass'd through his Hands) *The Fellow's Income, at the most, is not 120 l. per Annum;* whereas my Rectory alone is considerably more; and sure my Brother-

Brotherhood here is worth something, as his *intimate Acquaintance* can inform him, and I had something allow'd me for Preaching thrice a Week, which was the only Occasion of my buying a Chariot: And I had another considerable Income, no wise depending on the Church; (as not a Shilling of *Church-money* went to the Purchase of my old Chariot.) 2dly. He says, what none but the coarsest, unbred Clown alive would meddle with, *That my Wife only increas'd my Family*, implying that she did not encrease my Income, which is a great Falshood. 3dly. *He immediately set up his Coach*; whereas 'twas above a Year after I was married, having then no Child. 4thly. As to my Stable, upon which he takes occasion to be very foolishly profane, there is a Turret with two thick Walls between that and the Church; and there was before a Shed with a Copper in it for a Wash-house, in the same Place: Besides, the Master and the whole Chapter had view'd it about 3 Years before, and lik'd it, and let it stand, till I brought some Abuses before the Lord High-Chancellor for Redress; of all which I have already publish'd an Account. 5thly, He says, *I must farther add, that he was thus extravagant while his Sister was starving, and subsisted only by the Charity of her Acquaintance; he turn'd her out of Doors into this wretched State, because she presum'd to tell him, when she found him playing the wanton with his Head in a Woman's Bosom, that it was indecent and scandalous.* I shall not, like the Doctor, boast of my Kindness and Bounty to my Relations; but only subjoin the following Attestation, drawn up of my Sister's own Accord, in her own Form, as the rest are, without any Directions from me.

Dear Brother,

Iver, Feb. 23. 1710-11

“ HAVING read the Book call'd *The Vindication of Dr. Sa-*
 “ cheverell, and finding there is a most notorious
 “ Slander cast upon you, with respect to my self, I think
 “ myself under the strongest Obligations, both from Na-
 “ ture and Grace, to justify you, and to give the World an
 “ Account of my particular Knowledge of your Conversa-
 “ tion from the time I came to live with you, which was
 “ 16 Years ago. As to your Carriage to your Father, it was
 “ most obedient and obliging; delighting much in his
 “ Company, and thinking I was somewhat defective there-
 “ in: To those of your Relations that had need of your
 “ Help, liberal beyond your Power, and to my self the
 “ best

“ best of Brothers; insomuch as a Lady here used to say to
 “ me, You are always praising your Brother; for which I
 “ thought I had great Cause. As to your Carriage here as
 “ a Minister, there are many that will say, and more that are
 “ dead that did say, *I*ver never had the like of you, nor ever
 “ expect to have; who preached half the Year once a Day
 “ more than you were obliged, freely, and taught them
 “ from House to House, sitting many Hours in poor Cot-
 “ tages, to teach them and their Children; and charitable
 “ among the Poor to the uttermost of your Power: And
 “ as for your Chastity and Honesty, I did and do believe
 “ and say, that you were truly so; neither did I ever see
 “ your Head, as your Slanderer saith, in any Woman’s Bo-
 “ som. When I left your House, you took a Coach, and
 “ went with me to my Sister, where you paid well for my
 “ Board, so that I never needed or desired the Charity of
 “ any other Person whatsoever in my whole Life; and I am
 “ still maintained by your Bounty comfortably. And as to
 “ your Maid, *Sarah Green*, there is nothing but Falshood in
 “ the Report: You took her for a Servant, and was to her
 “ a good Master, and never pretended Courtship to her,
 “ and in my very Soul believe never touched her Lips, nor
 “ did I ever think otherwise: As to her going to Worship-
 “ ing Assemblies with me, you never order’d it, but when
 “ she had tasted the good Word of God there preach’d, she
 “ said she lov’d me as her Mother, for ever letting her go:
 “ And the Reason of her leaving of you, as also of mine,
 “ was your breaking up House-keeping. As to the Truth
 “ of all this I set my Hand, Your Loving Sister,

And if Need so require, will
 add my Oath,

Eliz. Bisset.

6thly, *The Whim of the Coach lasted but a little while; the
 Horses were seized by the Man that sold them. I kept the old
 Chariot above a Year and a half, till it was almost worn out;
 and when Hay was near 5 l. a Load (3 times as dear as I
 gave at first) I sold all together again, within 5 l. of what
 I gave. As to my Horses being seiz’d by the Seller, here is the
 Receipt the very Day I bought them.*

Rceived Nov. 14. 1705. of Mr. William Bisset, Thirty
 Eight Pounds, Eighteen Shillings, in full for a Pair of Coach-
 horses, and a Chariot and Harness. I say received,

l. 38 18 s.

per William Disher.

And

And let any one judge whether such a poor Purchase (which is but the Price of one good Horse) was intended for Pomp and Shew, or Use and Convenience; tho' I know several (some of my own Function) that have kept and do keep Coaches upon less than I had. And I can further affirm, I never was ask'd for Money that was due twice in my Life, and very seldom at all. I hope now the Reader will perceive the Arrogance and Absurdity of that Boast which he wisely puts in the Mouth of my Advocate, p. 63. *Well, I do own this is a good Turn upon him.* The 3 next Pages are about the *Mitre-Tavern-Conference*, of which enough before. After having told us, p. 66. that the *Doctor's Behaviour was, admir'd by all* (which I readily own in one Sense to be true) he comes to that Passage about the *Bishop of L——* now *W——* upon whom he basely reflects; as if *his L——p* had found Fault with the *Latin*, p. 67. in spite to the *Dean*; and this, he says, is the *Doctor's Belief*. I leave the World to judge, whether so great a Man would reject a Candidate for Orders on so slight an Account, and without a further Examination. As to Mr. Price, his only Witness, he was discarded by his *L——p* for Reasons he very well knows, and consequently his Testimony is liable to just Exception.

As to the Charge about the Revolution, King William, and the Pretender, let the World judge whether a Certificate of three Persons that they did not hear him, are a Ballance to a positive Oath; and no Reason was ever yet offer'd, why Mr. Eberal should be perjur'd (and he is a Man of a good Estate, and nothing offer'd toully his Credit) without any imaginable Advantage. He says he has a Letter from Mr. Samuel Parker of Oxford; if so (as another Writer has lately observ'd) he would certainly have printed it, as well as Mrs. Hearst's, and Sir John's; for 'tis an allow'd Maxim, *De non entibus & non apparentibus eadem est ratio.* As to all but these two he says not a Word.

We come next to Sir Ch—— H——, p. 73. whose Curate he says I make him; whereas my Words are, *When he was Curate, and partly Chaplain at Sir Ch—— H——'s*; only the last (as any one may see) is referr'd to him. For the Truth of what I have reported, there needs no more than the following Attestation.

S I R,

London, Jan. 17. 1710-II.

“ **F**inding in a Vindication of Dr. Sacheverell, just publish’d
 “ by you, a partial and unfair Account of one Relati-
 “ on, which originally came from my self, tho’ it was printed
 “ by Mr. Bisset, intirely without my Knowledge, and with
 “ some Omissions and Mistakes also; I thought it proper
 “ to send the Doctor, by you, a true Account under my
 “ Hand; that in case it be at any time printed, he may not
 “ complain of my private Method of hurting his Reputa-
 “ tion, and may take what Care he can before-hand for his
 “ Vindication. Only I must say, that if the rest of the Sto-
 “ ries which pass of him, can be no better clear’d than he
 “ has clear’d this in his late Book, he had better think of
 “ altering his way, both of talking, writing, and living,
 “ than do the Christian Religion, and Church of *England*
 “ so much Disservice, as his vain, and loose, and unchri-
 “ stian Conduct at present, most certainly does to both.

I am, Sir, his and your very humble Servant,

To Mr. Henry Clements, to
 be communicated to Dr.
 Henry Sacheverell.

Will. Whiston.

“ **A**Bout the Year 1696, when I was for some time in the
 “ Country at *Tamworth*, and occasionally at *Aston*,
 “ near *Birmingham* in *Warwickshire*; at the former of which
 “ Places, the Pious, Charitable and Learned Lady *Clobery*
 “ then liv’d; and at the latter, her Son-in-Law, Sir *Charles*
 “ *Holt*, one of great Esteem also, for his known Learning,
 “ Sobriety, and Piety, in the regular Way of the Church
 “ of *England*; that Living of *Aston* fell void. At the same
 “ time Mr. Henry Sacheverell was at, or near *Aston*; as ha-
 “ ving, I suppose, been Curate to the former Incumbent,
 “ Mr. *Piercehouse*, during his Sickness; and so frequently
 “ conversant in Sir *Charles*’s Family. Upon the Vacancy of
 “ *Aston*, Sir *Charles* was pleas’d, of his own Accord, or at
 “ the Lady *Clobery*’s Desire, or both, to send by Mr. *Alfop*
 “ of *Tamworth*, the kind Offer of the Place to me, if it
 “ was agreeable to my Circumstances and Inclinations. I
 “ return’d hearty Thanks for so free and generous an Offer;
 “ but considering, that that Living would void my Fellow-
 “ ship

" Ship at *Clare-Hall*; that my Health was then in a very ill
 " State; and that the Parish was therefore too large for
 " me to undertake; with some Reluctancy, and after some
 " Deliberation, I was forc'd to refuse it. Upon this, it was
 " in some time given to the Reverend Mr. *Hollier*, who now
 " possesses it; while still no Offer was made of it to
 " Mr. *Sacheverell*, who expected it. My Lady *Clobery*, talk-
 " ing one Day with me about that Matter, happen'd to en-
 " large upon the Reasons she and Sir *Charles* had to be
 " averse to him. So much I fully remember she said, " That
 " Sir *Charles* knew him too well to give him *Aston*; That his Be-
 " haviour was exceeding light and foolish; without any of that
 " Gravity and Seriousness which became one in Holy Orders: That
 " he was fitter to make a Player than a Clergyman: That in
 " particular he was dangerous in a Family, since he would, among
 " the very Servants, jest upon the Torments of Hell. This
 " I here attest under my Hand; and that the rather, be-
 " cause I have so often declar'd it to others, even before I
 " in the least dream'd of being nam'd, as I was in his Tryal,
 " which otherwise might be suppos'd capable of provoking
 " me to aggravate Things against him. And I think that
 " his Vindication of himself, as well as all his late Con-
 " duct, do shew; that this Lady and her Son-in-Law were
 " very right in their Judgment of him.

Jan. 17. 1710-11.

Will. Whiston.

As to the next Charge of *profane Curses*, he denies nothing,
 but banters it with a Story of *Moon-shine* and *Plumb-pudding*;
 as if a Mixture of Rage and Profaneness were not (what all
 the World owns) a proper Account of Cursing. And to let
 the World see 'tis an allow'd Peccadillo with him, he gives
 me an hearty Curse, Page 76. Hang him a Dog with a Mixture
 of Hemp.

We come p. 67. to the Doctor's Mistress; but first he falls
 upon me with a Story of my Maid. There needs no other
 Answer but that of the blunt Disputant, *Bellarmin thou liest*;
 for 'tis every Tittle false: And does it look with a Face of
 Probability, that I should be 5 Years courting a poor Or-
 phan, without a Penny Portion? And while I was courting
 her, with an Allowance of suitable Raiment and Education, force
 her, sore against her Will, to attend my Sister to the Conventicle, and
 let her do (for I had then no other Servant) all the Work of

Part II. *The Modern Fanatick.*

27

the House, as making Coal-Fires, &c. As to the Tears, I never heard of, or saw one: and she has often been (since she left me) at my House, to see me and my Wife; and we have both a very great Respect for her, as being a very pious and blameless Maid. I sent to the Place where she liv'd about two Years after mine, and to another where I thought she might be heard of, but they could give no Account where she lives; but I have met with her by a strange Chance at a Friends of mine in Town, where she sign'd the following Certificate.

March 1. 1710-11.

I Do hereby declare to the World, That the Account given in the Book call'd, *The Vindication of Dr. Sacheverell, concerning me and the Reverend Mr. William Bisset, once my Master, is utterly false.*

Sarah Green.

Now as to the Doctor's *Amours*, I find I was misinform'd about the *Gentlewoman's Death*: In the fair Copy deliver'd to the Bookseller I spoke of her as alive; and alter'd it upon the Authority of one that I thought knew better; but 100 Miles and more was too far to send of a sudden; yet this is not very material, the *foul Dealing* is the same.

And since my Book has been out, I have receiv'd a Message from a near Relation of Mrs. I——s, that 'tis as bad or worse than I have reported; If it were ended as his *Vindicator* affirms, p. 79. with all the Honour and fair Dealing that a Man can shew; why does he not get her Attestation? Or if he had it, is it just and fair to court a Gentleman's Daughter, and carry on the Intrigue without his Knowledge or Leave? If the Doctor read such *Ethicks* to his Pupils, Parents had need be upon their Guard: But if her Father be dead, and she has enough to tempt any Man to take her, why does not the Doctor renew his Addresses? For I was assur'd by a very credible Person, that in one of his Letters is this Expression, *Let God forsake me, if ever I forsake you*: And now ought this Fellow B——t to lose his Tongue and Hand for this Story? I find they long for a French Government, in which such arbitrary Sentences may pass, and B——t would lose them and his Life too, if they could find a Rabble or Ruffians for their Turn.

As to the 8th Article of great Immodesty; the Doctor knows no such Person as S—y W—x, but the Letter from the Gentleman at Oxford has rubb'd up his Memory about

J—y W—r (the Name in my Account, which he willfully mistook) and a Fellow-Collegiate that she was married to. As to the Wench at the Inn, I know not what he calls his *Progress*, or whether he owns any, but the Fact he has not in the least disown'd. The *Whimsical Saying* at the Christening too is not denied, as if for a Parson to be the Town-Bull were but a *Whimsy*, or as it is, p. 82. a *Trifle*; but the *Vindicator* takes his Rise hence for a most profane Banter upon the *New Birth* and *Religious Discourse*; yet I dare not say he deserves to lose his Tongue or Hand, but this I will say, such a Tongue and Hand are not very fit for a Pulpit.

As to Sir J. W—r's Letter, 'tis no more to the Purpose than Mrs. Hearst's; for he only testifies as to that Part which belongs to me, whereas he should have said, As to the Doctor's Behaviour at my House, to my certain Knowledge he was not disorder'd with Drink. I have heard it since confidently affirm'd; as I had it at first from two greater Persons than Sir J. who being so very sober himself, makes no Scruple to term one he knows not, a Madman.

Page 83. He gives us a Taste of his Charity: *I protest, I am afraid the Whigs will worship the D—l, and offer their Sons and Daughters at his Altar*: If all his Protestations and Oaths have no more Truth and Sincerity, he, too, may come to the Honour of *Knighthood*.

As to the Gaming, he denies nothing; but jests it off, with being a great Dab, and playing on Sundays. And as to his Menaces, p. 84. I defy him, and all his intimate Friends, with whom I can soon be much more than even; and after this Taste of his Veracity (for I have by authentick Testimony disprov'd every Tittle) the World will not be over-hasty in believing him.

For the Parallel he draws, p. 85, and 86, between my Case and the Doctor's, about our Places; concluding, p. 8. himself is equally guilty; nay, mine is a Beam, and his but a Mote; and consequently, the Argument holds stronger against me. I own I have a Living fifty two Miles from Town, and I have a Place in a Collegiate Church here: But is there no Difference between] a Collegiate Church and a Parochial, as both his are? Between the Extent of the Precinct of St. Katherine, and the Parish of St. Saviour's Southwark, which contains, I believe, four times as many Souls. Besides (what is the main Difference) I have but four Weeks here in a Quarter; when those are out, I have nothing to do in the Church: Whereas he

he is bound, as *Parish-Minister*, to preach every Week, and do *Parochial Duties* constantly. I have 8 Months in the Year to reside, as I and my Family constantly do, upon my Cure; and I believe the strictest Resident, taking one Year with another, is very near as much absent from his Charge: I have but a Days Journey, and he at least three; I never fail to be there every Quarter, and 'tis well if he go one a Year.

As to the 12th, sure there never was such wretched Shuffling since the World stood: I charge him with divers Falshoods, both in Doctrine and Fact; which he lays his Thumb compleatly upon, and would perswade the World, *the Weight of the Article lies chiefly upon preaching an old Sermon to so great an Auditory.* The Decency of which he proves from the Practice of *Jockeys* and *Ship-Carpenters*. And what is absurder yet, he makes the poor *Whig* concur with him, p. 89. *I think you have said enough upon this Article; when he had said just nothing, but left the Falshoods and Forgery even as they were.*

As to the Postscript, p. 90, and 91. I am fairly acquitted; and therefore let the *Irish Dean*, Mr. Ryley, and the poor *Washer-woman*, &c. answer for themselves, and agree the Matter with the Doctor as well as they can. But I believe very few are of the *Vindicator's* Mind, p. 92. that these are but TRIFLES, and almost allow'd *Peccadillo's*; sure they cannot seem so from one that never did at School an Immoral or a Childish thing. *Et Tu Brute*, might Mrs. Hearst truly say to him, as *Cesar* to his reputed Son; What thou, my Child! whom I have taken to my own Arms; whose Youth was so full of the sweetest Modesty, p. 31. and no less full of Manly Goodness! I have read of *Venial Sins*, but never before of allow'd ones, even in the Church of Rome. I hope he does not preach such Doctrine; if he does, there will be need, more than enough, of the utmost Endeavours of the Societies for Reformation of Manners; when the Enemy comes in like a Flood, to stop the Overflowings of Ungodliness. Concerning the Sense of the Two Bishops mention'd in this Page, I will believe it when I see it under their own Hands, and not as we have it here, at 2d, 3d, or 4th Hand.

The whole 93d Page, is the sawciest Arraignment of several of the greatest Persons of the Kingdom, especially the renowned Duke of Marlborough (who is still Commander in Chief, by Her Majesty's own Choice) that ever came from an audacious, self-conceited Stripling.

Page 94. Is taken up with a Panegyrick upon the Doctor, and his great Atchievements, *who under God and the Queen has given us this new Life*; which may serve to explain his new coin'd, crabbed, long-winded Word *Reviviscence*; which, and *soporiferous*, are all that the World has got by this Learned Treatise. *A new Life* the Doctor has help'd to give us indeed, viz. with broken Heads, broken Limbs, broken Windows; and, as this Author hopes, and thanks God for in the worse Sense, p. 95. *broken Hearts*. What a Life is here about him? But I have reason to think with the Clergyman, in his Letter to the Doctor, p. 26. *A Time will come when you may quietly walk the Streets, without being run after, and pointed at, and when none will take any Notice of you; and if they do, it will be but this, There goes he, who was once the great Troubler of our Israel*. This is indeed giving a new Life, such as it is; but God deliver us from such *Reviviscence*.

The *Vindicator* has now done with me, except only an Address in the last Page to the Convocation, to deliver me over to Satan, and cut off all those that trouble us. That so the true Tories, from henceforth, may reign Lords and Masters without Controul: The rest, p. 95, 96, 97, and 98, is a furious Declamation against those in general, that are call'd *Moderate Clergymen*; all whom he declares, in his Excess of Charity, p. 96. *Perjur'd before God and Man*. He chiefly insults them upon the *Manness of their Parentage*; and says, they were born, p. 97. to embrace *Dunghills*: As if God, the Father of Spirits, ever form'd a Reasonable Creature, which is his Offspring, for so vile a Condition: *Born to embrace Dunghills*! Now you must know his Father was a *Dean*, which makes him as proud as if he had been a *Duke*, and trample upon his Betters as the *Mure*, *ibid. in the Streets*. But no wonder; for he declares, p. 96. *I own I have no Moderation*. Sure he never read, or does not own for Canonical, that Text, *Let your Moderation be known unto all Men*, p. 98. The *Whig*, who is relaps'd again, though so often converted by his mighty Reasonings, says, *For God's sake, What do you mean by all this Heat and Passion?* What indeed? For 'twould puzzle the ablest Head on Earth to make any Sense of it. *Thou art as hot as a Glass-house*; (let me add too, as foul as a Draught-house) yet he declares, *If I had time I would be seven times hotter than I am*. I cannot imagine how that can possibly be on this side Hell. I shall only leave with him that Remark of the wise Man, which, if duly consider'd, may perhaps bring him to a cooler

cooler and humbler Temper, Prov. 21. 24, *Proud and haughty, Scorneth his Name, who dealeth in proud Wrath.*

P O S T S C R I P T.

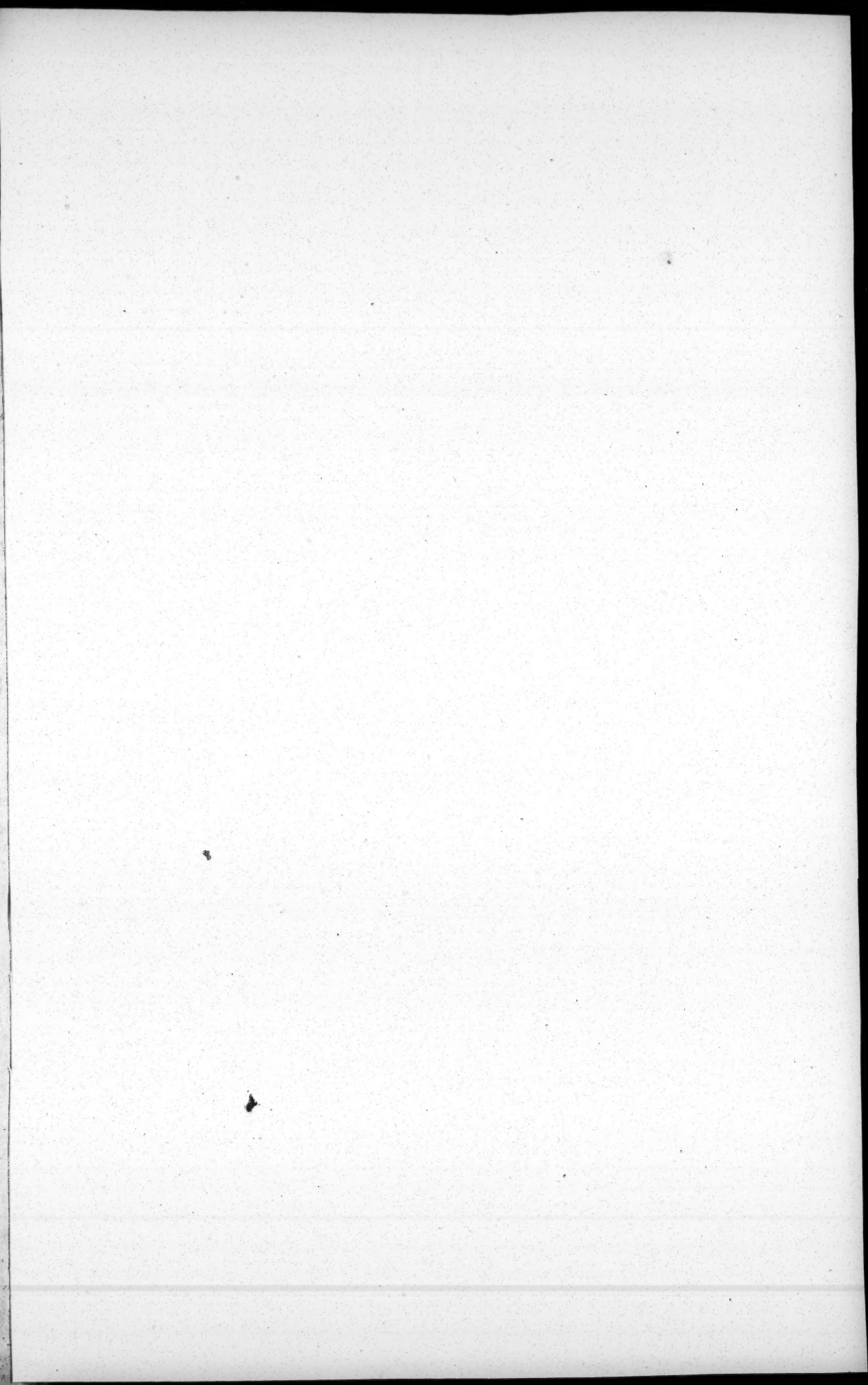
THE same Author, as I have good Reason to believe, being resolv'd to have *some* Notice taken of him, has pitch'd upon an unexampled Piece of Folly; to answer this Book before it was publish'd, nay, before it was written, and to foretell what will be found in the several Pages. I wonder any one that has the least Grain of Thought, would ever take so much Pains to be laugh'd at; but 'tis the less to be wonder'd at, since Solomon has observ'd, Eccles. 10. 3, *When he that is a Fool walketh by the Way, his Wisdom faileth him, and he saith to every one that he is a Fool.*

But of all his Follies, none is so horrid and unexcusable, as the putting that Text of Scripture in the Title Page, from Ps. 139. v. 2. *And understandest my Thoughts long before;* which he manifestly, impiously, and I may say, blasphemously refers to himself, as knowing my Thoughts, long before I knew 'em all my self; and to joyn that Verse with a Verse of Sir Roger L' Strange, I think adds to the Profaneness.

I am assur'd his greatest Friends are highly offended at his acting this very weak Part; especially at that Citation. There is, p. 6. a most impudent Falshood, which he well knows to be such; speaking of the *forg'd Recantation in my Name.* [I am of Opinion that his Printer may be prevail'd upon, to produce the Copy in his own Hand writing. and p. 14. speaking of me, He often declares he could eat the Heart of a Tory with Pleasure. I will not say (as he) *Was there ever such a daring Knight of the Post?* But this I will say, there have not been many such licentious Ministers.

The four last Pages are so dull and impertinent, that few have had Patience to read them out; and p. 13. his Language is so very coarse and beastly, as a civil Carman would be asham'd to use, and none but a Gold-finder (to use his own Terms) is fit to deal with so foul a Writer, who has no more Regard to Civility, Decency, or Truth.

B L



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